The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXIII. BOSTON, FEBRUARY 28, 1874. NO. 44.

For the Myrtle.

Our Mission.

IN the sweet and sacred story
Of the Saviour among men,
We are taught by his example,
How the highest bliss to gain.

Not by vain and sefish striving
After worldly wealth or fame,
But by walking in his footsteps,
Who to raise the fallen came.

When the good man of Samaria,
Saw the traveller on his way,
Stripped and wounded, faint and bleeding,
Passing from the light of day,

Though the Priest and Levite scorned him,
And in silence passed him by,
He most gladly took compassion,
Left him not alone to die.

Wine nor oil nor money sparing,
Like a brother or a friend,
To the inn he kindly took him,
Caring for him to the end.

In our beauteous ancient city,
Many weary sufferers lie,—
Shall we, like the Priest and Levite
Still forever pass them by?

Let us go upon our mission,
Help the sick, the suffering poor,
Let the weary, houseless wanderer
View with joy the open door.

As we do to these our brethren,
E'en the least of these we see—
May we meet His glad approval,
"Ye have done it unto me."

A. S. T.

Up in the morning, our lessons to learn;
Up in the morning, our breakfast to earn;
"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a girl healthy, and wealthy and wise."

For the Myrtle.

The Story of Mother Michel and her Cat.

FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER VII.

In which father Lustucru is at the hight of his wishes, and mother Michel's cat is in an unpleasant position.

FATHER LUSTUCRU had determined to kill Monmouth the next day, because he knew that mother Michel was going to the post office to carry the money, which she sent each month to her sister, and he thought it would be a good time to do it while she was gone.

The whole day long, Faribole seemed very sad, and when the fatal hour arrived, he became more and more so. Monmouth went willingly into the garden with him; he followed his deceitful friend with all the confidence of a sheep that follows a butcher, and, when he least expected it, he found himself shut up in the bag, from which father Lustucru hoped he would never escape alive.

Father Lustucru, who had hidden, suddenly appeared with two great cudgels. He offered one of them to Faribole, and seizing the bag said: "Come, begin your work!"

Faribole did not hear; he seemed stunned, his eyes rolled about, his face was livid, his mouth open and his arms without strength.

Father Lustucru, animated by the hope of a speedy vengeance had not noticed what was passing in the mind of his companion. After throwing the bag rudely to the ground, he raised his club

and was about to strike it, when the little garden gate opened.

"How unfortunate," murmured he; "Faribole, hide in the hedge, I will return to you immediately," and going towards the person who had just entered, he stopped in astonishment on seeing it was mother Michel. He instantly imagined that she must have suspected that something was being done to Monmouth, but he was reassured on hearing her say:

"I am obliged to postpone my errand, for I have just perceived the countess' carriage; she was taking a roundabout way so as to avoid the pavements, and I have reached here first by entering the little gate; come, father Lustucru, come quickly to greet our countess."

"I will be with you immediately," said the butler, then making a speaking trumpet with his hand, he cried to Faribole: "Beat him yourself, beat him till he is dead," then he ran to join mother Michel in the great court-yard, where all the servants were arranged in line, like a well disciplined company of soldiers.

On leaving her carriage, the countess honored her servants with a benevolent look, embraced mother Michel, and asked of her news of Monmouth.

"Your cat has been very well; he has grown fleshy, you can see him improve each day; but I cannot say with truth that his moral qualities surpass his physical accomplishments."

"Poor friend," said the countess "if he should not love me he would be very ungrateful! for since I have been gone I have thought of him every day; all my other pets have been taken away from me, but Monmouth, I thought, would be a comfort for me in my old age."

As soon as the countess had given the orders which were necessary on her arrival, she asked mother Michel to bring Monmouth to her. To this she replied: "He will be delighted to see you; he is in the garden under the care of Faribole, a boy whom your butler has judged proper to admit here; this boy and the cat have become the most intimate of friends."

Mother Michel went into the garden, but found only Faribole, seated upon a bank and gazing with a pre-occupied air, at a branch of box which he held in his hand.

"My friend," said the good lady, "the countess desires you to bring Monmouth to her."

"Monmouth!" stammered Faribole, starting at the name as if he had been stung by a wasp.

"Yes, Monmouth; I thought he was with you."

"He has just now left me; a noise in the street frightened him, and he hid in the hedge."

Mother Michel after having spent more than half an hour looking about the garden, went back and said to the countess: "Monmouth is absent, but do not be disturbed about him; he disappeared once before, and we found him in the garret.

"They must search for him! I do not wish to be kept waiting; I desire to see him immediately."

They would have had but little hope that this wish would be gratified if they could have heard the conversation which was then going on between Faribole and father Lustucru—

"Ah, well, have you beaten him?"

"Yes, I beat him till he stopped mewing."

"What have you done with his body?"

"I have thrown it into the river."

"Are you sure he was dead?"

"He no longer moved."

M. C. Schouler.

A Friend in Need.

It was a beautiful day in early summer. The air was balmy; the sun shone brightly; and every one seemed to feel as happy as the blue-birds and the robins that hopped about and sang in the great elm-trees in the park.

All the children were out, playing ball, or rolling hoop; gentlemen and ladies, mounted on handsome ponies, rode down the long bridle-path; and along one wide, shaded avenue came two pretty children, driving a pair of goats harnessed into their little basket-wagon; while by the side of these curious steeds walked old Duncan Murray, the coachman, to see that no accident befell them.

I said that every one seemed happy on this lovely day; but there was one old man who was not so, and whose sad face showed that he had a sad heart.

He sat on a bench, under a wide-spreading tree, idly watching the passers-by, but thinking, thinking, all the time,—none but God knew how bitterly. He was poor and old and sad; and he was all alone in the world, except his little grand daughter Lucy, and she lay dying for want of proper care. Away up in the attic-room, where no fresh air and sunshine could come, she lay upon a miserable bed, with her golden hair falling over her hard pillow.

Day by day her eyes grew larger, and her thin face more and more wasted and pale.

Yes, little Lucy was dying; and old Donald could do nothing to help her. Without money or friends, being unable to find work to do, he was obliged to sit still and see his little Highland blossom fading away.

This morning he could bear it no longer, and had gone out to make one more desperate attempt to get work. But, as too often before, it had proved all in vain; and wearied out in body, and sick at heart, he had strolled into the park, and sat down to rest.

As he saw the gay little equipage I have described, and looked at the happy, healthy children, so richly dressed, who were riding in it, the old man said to himself,—

"Why must other bairns have a' the good things, while my little lassie has nane? It's na right! I canna think it is!" And he bowed his head in his hands.

When he looked up, there was a man standing by his side, and holding out his hand, as he said,—

"Ah! Donald, my auld friend, where came ye frae? I thought ye were dead lang syne!" And tears stood in old Duncan Murray's eyes.

Donald gasped the outstretched hand, and said,—

"Thank God for sending me a friend in need! I was reproachin' him but just noo in my heart; and he's been a' the time preparin' this blessing for me! But tell me where ye bide now; and where are your wife and bairns?"

The tears fell fast as Duncan pointed upwards to where all his dear ones were.

Donald pressed his hand in sympathy, and then told him that he was all alone but for his little Lucy, who was so ill, he feared she would not long be spared to him.

Duncan was much grieved to hear his old friend's sad story; and, as they parted at the gate of the park, he promised to come and see him the next day, and to try and find work for him.

Mr. Thrope, whose coachman Duncan was, was a good man, as well as a rich one; and when he heard the story of old Duncan's friend, whom he had not seen since they parted, years before, in "bonny Scotland," his heart was so touched, that he engaged Donald at once as his gardener.

Little Lucy did not die; for care and the doctor's skill brought back the roses to her pale cheeks; and she is living still, the joy of old Donald's heart, who thanks God every day for the way in which he sent him help in time of need.

What Good Can I Do?

Agnes Moore was a Sabbath School teacher. She loved every scholar in her class, and sought to lead them to Jesus. One Sabbath she said, "Boys, I want each one of you to ask himself a question, 'What can I do?'"

"We are too young and small," said one of the boys. "We can't buy coal and wood for poor people as papa does. We have no pies and cakes, as mamma has, to give away."

"I know that, my dear; you are not expected to do the work of men and women, only that of little boys. There is something, however, which you can do, and do better than your papa or mamma or any other person, simply because it is your work."

"What is it," asked the boys, "that we can do?"

"Think of my question, 'What good can I do?' every day this week. Next Sunday I will ask you if you have not found something to do."

On the next Sunday the boys were all present.

"I will begin with you, Henry. What have you found to do?"

"I have been to poor old Susan's to take clothes to her to keep her warm, and some nice things for her to eat."

"I went to see old Susan, too," said Robert; "but mother had nothing to send her. I read a chapter in the Bible to her, and she liked it very much. I am going to do so every week, for it makes her very happy."

"I split the kindling-wood, and father paid me forty cents. Here they are," said Willie, "to put in the missionary-box."

"I have brought two boys I found playing in the street to Sunday School," said Robert.

"I am very much pleased with you, children. You have all done well. I hope that you will not be satisfied with doing good this week, but will go on each day of your lives trying to do all that you can."

Are there not many children who might do as much, if not more, than these boys did? Are there not many grown up people who are not trying to do good? Will not all, both old and young, begin now to ask the question, "What good can I do?" and seek in earnest to find an answer.

As words can never be recalled, speak only such as you will never wish to recall

For the Myrtle.

For Fun.

HERE is Harry at home, alone, for the day,
His father and mother on busines, away;
The cows in the barn, the hens in the shed,
The pigs and the horse, to be cared for and fed,—
And Harry to do it:—he knows well the way,
In fact he has cared for them many a day,
His importance he feels, to do well he means:
And isn't he old enough, just in his teens?

To work with a will our Harry begins;
Feeds chickens, and cows, from hay mows and bins;
Is going to curry, and care for Jack, too,
When rounding the corner comes in to full view,
The grocer's boy driving with baskets of fruit,
He's bought from the farmers his master to suit.
Now giving old Jack no longer due heed,
Hal starts for the team at his very best speed.

Oh! the mischief invented; the work left undone;
For no better reason than only for fun!
Unmindful of trust, Harry hastens away;
Forgetting all things but the prospect of play,
The driver gives Harry a seat by his side,
With another boy, "in" for a "jolly good ride."
But conscience *will* whisper "you shouldn't be here,"
And when he would leave, he is caught by the ear;
And the boys hold him fast though 'tis only for fun,'
And the harder Hal pulls the harder 'tis wrung.

Poor Harry! for him old Time will not stay;
His tormenters shout and the horse speeds away!
The morning is going and Harry goes too,
Away from the work he would now gladly do,
Then quickly the fingers slip off from the ears,
And Harry back over the baskets careers,
And vainly poor Harry kicks, scrambles and cries,
The driver heeds neither his tears or his sighs.

How a person can like, (I can't see for one,)
To trouble another, and find in it fun.
Like the frogs in the fable Harry couldn't enjoy
What seemed such fine sport to the grocer's big boy;
Nor could he climb out from behind or before,
Till they drove with a flourish right up to the store.
Then they let Harry go; and as homeward he run,
They after him shouted, "remember, 'twas fun!"

A duty neglected will bring in our way,
Sooner or later some mischief to pay,
Perhaps you can guess how it made Harry feel,
To find the horse eating a barrel of meal.
From his breakfast he did not care longer to stay,
And had slipped off his halter, he well knew the way.
To feel very crest-fallen, Harry begun,
And feared to pay dearly for this morning's fun.

The cows turned upon him their large, languid eyes,
They are longing for water he knows, and he sighs
To think that the morning, so nicely begun,
Is ending so badly, and only "for fun."
To right every wrong, he tries with much care;
But thoughts of his trust and betrayal are there,
And he wishes his father and mother were near,
That he might tell his trouble in some friendly ear.

A wrong deed committed, is never undone,
By hiding the truth of it. Only "for fun,"
Had caused Harry's trouble; and he couldn't see,
After all, where the fun of the morning could be.
The fault he confessed; and I hardly think yet,
Has time enough passed, for him to forget
The good lesson learned:—that work left undone,
For the sake of a frolic, *not always* brings fun.

H. H. D.

Be Content.

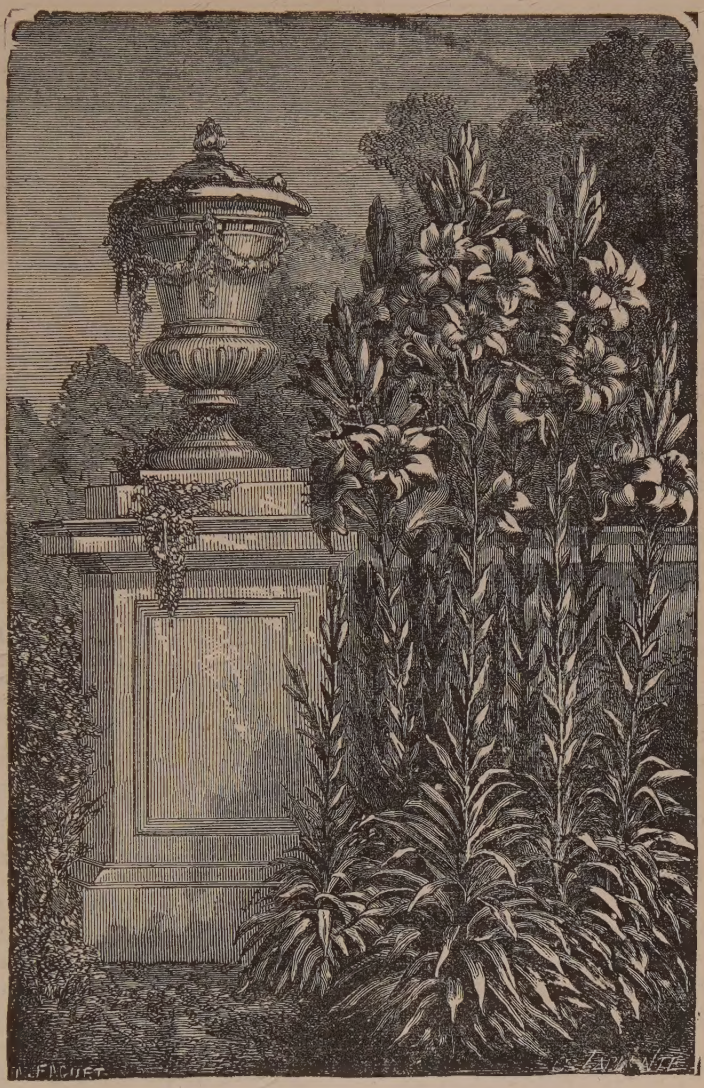
"Oh dear! I don't see what you buy me such thick shoes for," said little Jennie Ray; "they are only fit for clod-hoppers. Why can't I have a pretty pair of French gaiters like Annie Swift's?"

"We buy such things as we can afford and think suitable for you," answered her mother. "I am sorry, that, instead of being thankful for them, you should fret so. I wish you were like the man who said, 'I never grumbled but once; and that was because my shoes were worn out, and I had no money to buy new ones. Soon after, I met a man who had no feet; and I went home contented with my bare ones.'"

"I'm not so bad off as either of them," said Jennie; "so I'll be glad I have got thick shoes to cover my bare feet, and that I have feet to be covered."

A WORTHY man thus wrote: "I expect to pass through the world but once. If, therefore, there can be any kindness I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Pinkie's Flowers.



It was a bright June day; and little Pinkie trotted out into the garden to play. She was a sweet little girl, with bright blue eyes, and such rosy cheeks, that papa always called her "Pinkie," though her real name was Lou'se.

It was such a pleasant day, that she wandered away down in the garden, gathering so many flowers that her tiny apron was full of them.

But who was there to show them to after they were picked? Her mamma was gone away; and she couldn't go away back to the house to show them to Jennie, her nurse.

"I know!" said Pinkie at last. "Pinkie'll go a-visitin'." So she peeped through a hole in the fence, into the next yard, and saw a pleasant-looking girl about ten years old, and also a very cunning chicken in the gras s In a moment, Kittie Hamilton was much astonished to see, first a pretty pink face, and then a little girl's whole body, appearing close to her through the tence.

"Who are you, little girl?" she asked.

"I'se Pinkie, to be sure. Do you want to smell my flowers?" Pinkie replied.

Of course, Kittie was much pleased at a visit from such a pleasant little guest.

She showed her all the garden, and her playhouse in the arbor, and let her hold "Downy" in her own hand. After that, she was Pinkie's firm friend; though, as the child tore two woful holes in her dress, her mamma told her she must go through the gate next time.

"A WORD once let fall," says a Chinese proverb, "cannot be brought back by a chariot and six horses."

Easte r.

RECITATION FOR SEVEN YOUNG LADIES.

First. "Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?"

Second. "But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen."

Third. And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain."

Fourth. "Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised not up, if so be that the dead raise not."

Fifth. "For if the dead rise not, then is Christ not risen."

Sixth. "And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain."

Seventh. "If after the manner of men, I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not?"

Three on the right in concert. "If in this life only, we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

Three on the left in concert. "But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept."

First. "And why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"

Second. "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which slept in Jesus will God bring with him."

Third. "Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself according to the good pleasure of his will."

Fourth. "Having made known unto us the mystery of his will according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself."

Fifth. "That in the dispensation of the fullness of time he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth."

Sixth. "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing?"

Seventh. "Because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men."

First. "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through Jesus Christ."

Second. "By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God."

Third. "Great and marvelous are thy works, O God; just and true are thy ways.

Fourth. "Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name?"

Fifth. "For thou only art holy. All nations shall come and worship before thee."

Sixth. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead."

Seventh. "To an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

All in concert. "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever, Amen!

Arranged by Lovette Foster.

Chippy Sparrow.

CHIPPY Sparrow and his wife
In the elm-tree
Built a cosy little nest,
Beautiful to see.
Chippy sparrow to his wife
Chattered merrily:
'Isn't ours a pretty home?
Chip—chip—chee!"

By-and-by four little eggs
Lay in the nest;
Mrs. Sparrow kept them warm,
Chippy sang his best.
"Pretty soon the eggs will hatch,
Birdies we shall see.
Won't there be a darling brood?
Chip-chip-chee!"

Very soon the baby birds
Pecked through the shell.
How they ate and ate and ate
Chippy knows well;
Patiently he brought them worms,
Singing full of glee,
"See the darlings how they grow!
Chip—chip—chee!"

Once, when Chippy and his wife
Both were gone for food,
Came along a reckless boy,
Grabbed the little brood,
Tore birdies and the nest
Down from the tree.
Now will they fly and sing,
"Chip—chip—chee!"

Little Willie.

A few years ago, a little dark-eyed orphan boy came to my house to stay a few weeks. There was a little puny kitten about the house continually poking its nose into places forbidden, and thereby calling down upon its head the wrath of the housekeeper. Several times it had been sent whirling through the window or door into the yard. One day, when it had thus been treated, Willie beheld the scene. He took the kitten up in his arms, stroking its back tenderly, and came into the house. His dark eyes were full of tears. Pity and indignation mingled in his tremulous tones when he said, "you must be kind to the little kitten now, for it hasn't got any mother!"

Later in the evening, Willie lay asleep on the carpet in one hand a knife, and in the other a half-eaten apple. Directly the kitten came in and went whining around, until it saw Willie, when, without delay, it ceased its piteous mewing, crawled up close to his bosom, and went to sleep too.

Our Sunday Schools.

NEW YORK.

—The parish at Newark, Wayne Co., which Rev. G. B. Stocking leaves for Syracuse is in good condition. The Sunday School is alive and earnest, as is testified by a recent entertainment, which netted sixty dollars towards the cost of a new organ recently placed in the Church.

NEW JERSEY.

—To the great joy of the Sunday School at Newark, their pastor, J. G Bartholomew, long afflicted with sickness, was able to be with them last Sunday and gave them a talk of twenty or thirty minutes. He hoped to resume his entire work soon.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

—The Sunday School connected with Mr. Fay's church in Washington is reported in a very prosperous condition under the care of its many faithful friends. The services of the church and school are now held in a hall in the Masonic Temple. It is hoped that we shall have a church building in Washington, at least by the time of the national centenary, 1876. Mr. Fay has just been elected one of the trustees of a school for colored children, called the "Miner Institution," founded by the efforts of Miss Myrtilla Miner.

PENNSYLVANIA.

—The anniversary of the Philadelphia S. S. Union was recently held. The Union has now three schools, those of the three churches in the city. The Lombard Sunday School has 168 members with an average attendance of 131. The school connected with Rev. Mr. Bowles' church has an average of 83. We see no report from Dr. Brooks' school but suppose it must be the largest of the three After the reports, addresses were made by Mr. Henry E Busch, on "What kind of books should be placed in the library?" and by Mr. John Sherry, on the question, "How can we induce our children to attend church?"

—At Conneautville, a large and increasing interest is felt under the labors of Rev. L. F. Porter and wife. both of whom are actively engaged in the ministry. The Sunday School shares in the increasing prosperity under the labors of Br. F. A. Temple. At Linesville, eight miles distant, these good laborers commenced their work four months ago A Sunday School was already in existence, and around it has been gathered a society, and a church of twenty-two members.

INDIANA.

—A Lafayette paper has the following: The Sunday School entertainment given New Year's eve by the scholars of the Universalist Church was a complete success in every way. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, every available space was filled and hundreds were unable to gain admittance to the church. The children of the school, under the careful training of Superintendent George Rogers, have made wonderful progress in singing, especially, and have always been noted for their pleasant entertainments, which have given satisfaction to the large audiences that greet them on these occasions. The children did well in their speeches, which were interspersed with songs, and the selections made of pieces was very appropriate for the season and well rendered. Such entertainments as this of last evening show that there is something in children in the way of songs, etc., that by a little care can be made to please the older people.

MICHIGAN.

—The *Star* says: "Lapeer has a parish not yet a year old, but in that time they have won a worthy place among the workers. Commencing with less than twenty members, with not a hall or church in the city that could be obtained at seasonable hours for divine worship, they have steadily persisted until as the result of one year's work, they can report preaching one half the time, a valuable lot purchased, upon which they propose to erect a church before December 14, a Sunday School of nearly fifty members, a good organ and Sunday School library purchased and paid for, and what is very natural, they are, in spite of panics and hard time, full of hope and energy for the year opening upon them."

FLORIDA.

—The Sunday School of the First Universalist church in West Florida, lately enjoyed an admirable address from Rev. Dr. Worthy, formerly pastor of the Baptist church in Troy, Alabama.

Young People's Associations.

No church is completely organized that has not some association for the young people. We have heard of two such societies formed this year, which give great promise of usefulness.

One is at Concord. N. H., started since the winter opened and numbering already three hundred members. Of course this is not confined to the young people of our parish only, but beginning with them has drawn in a great many young people of the city, especially such as have no other church relations. Its object is mutual improvement, intellectual entertainment and the fostering of interest in the principles and institutions of religion. It is called "The Young People's Union." The other we have noticed is at Philadelphia formed a year ago with H. C. Keller, and now with Charles E. Russell, as president. It has just celebrated its first anniversary with great *eclat*, seven hundred people being present. The exercises consisted mostly of a great variety and very high order of music, vocal and instrumental, with readings and other "divertisements" of a pleasant character, and religious exercises at the beginning and close. The object of the association is stated by a member to be "to promote the advancement of Christianity—seeking to do so by presenting the claims of the Church and Sunday School and by inducing persons to attach themselves thereto. It has also for its object the the intellectual moral and spiritual advancement of all young persons connected with it, and who may be persuaded to become members."

A great many of our churches have "Murray Clubs" and "Ballou Associations" of a like character. Let their number be increased and let the membership of each be constantly enlarged.

The Leader has an example of the same kind of good work, as follows:

We have been much interested in the experiment now being made among the young people, members of the Bible Class in Dr. Chapin's Church; an attempt in the right direction of developing of the social element of our churches. This class numbers between fifty and sixty young ladies and gentlemen, who, with their teacher, take great interest in church matters. They have inaugurated a series of evening receptions from 8 to 12, full dress not permitted, at which recitations, essays, solos, duets, etc., are given, ending with music and sometimes dancing and refreshments, which have been a great success.

We strongly commend these efforts to develop our social element. Our future depends upon it; foster and encourage it, for when linked with the religious it is the best element in our nature.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XLIX.—PAUL.

Question. — When the Roman soldiers secured Paul from the Jews, what did the commander order to be done to him?

Answer. — Acts xxi. 33.

Q. — What did the commander demand Paul to tell him?

A. — Acts xxi. 33.

Q. — What did the mob charge Paul with?

A. — Acts xxi. 34.

Q. — Could he learn what Paul had done?

A. — Acts xxi. 34.

Q. — What did he order done with Paul?

A. — Acts xxi. 34.

Q. — Did the mob still attempt to kill Paul.

A. — Acts xxi. 36.

Q. — How severely did they press upon the soldiers who had Paul in charge?

A. — Acts xxi. 35.

Q. — When the soldiers had brought Paul safely into the castle, what did he request of the chief commander?

A. — Acts xxi. 37.

Q. — In what language did Paul make this inquiry?

A. — Acts xxi. 37.

Q. — Was the commander surprised that he spoke the Greek language?

A. — Acts xxi. 38.

NOTE. The commander thought it possible that he had succeeded in securing an Egyptian leader of a band of robbers.

Q. — What account did Paul give of himself?

A. — Acts xxi. 39.

Q. — What did Paul request the privilege of doing?

A. — Acts xxi. 39.

Q. — Was the mob still gathered about the stairs leading to the castle?

A. — Acts xxi. 40.

Q. — When the commander granted his request, what did Paul do?

A. — Acts xxi. 40.

Q. — When Paul beckoned to them, what was the behaviour of the people?

A. — Acts xxi. 40.

Enigma.

1. The grandmother of Timothy.
2. One who owned a certain threshing floor for which King David paid 600 shekels.
3. A queen who refused to make her appearance before the king at a certain feast.
4. One who walked with God for three hundred years, and was translated to heaven.
5. A governor of Ahab's house, who hid the prophets of God in the cave.
6. A mighty hunter before the Lord.
7. The name of a country in which the people of God sojourned four hundred and thirty years.
8. A high priest whose rod budded, blossomed, and yielded almonds.
9. A ruler of the Jews, who came to Jesus by night.
10. The name of the mountain from which Jesus ascended to heaven.
11. The native city of the apostle Paul.
12. One of the captives whom Nebuchadnezzar carried from Jerusalem to Babylon.
13. A prophet of God who was caught up into heaven in a whirlwind.
14. A city of Italy to which Paul was carried a prisoner.

The inititals form a command of our Saviour, and a duty which we owe to each other.

Answer.

FEB. 21. Iconium; Wisdom; Isaac; Lydia; Levites; Nebuchadnezzar; Eli; Vine; Esau; Rezin; Lazarus; Eliezer; Asahel; Vision; Eschol; Obed-edom; Rehoboam; Felix; Othniel; Rufus; Shamgar; Abagail; Korah; Eunice; Timothy; Huram; Esau; Elisha. *I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.*

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

37 Cornhill, Boston.

CHARLES CAVERLY, Jr., Agent.

TERMS — PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

Single copy, or less than ten, **75** cents per year.

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